

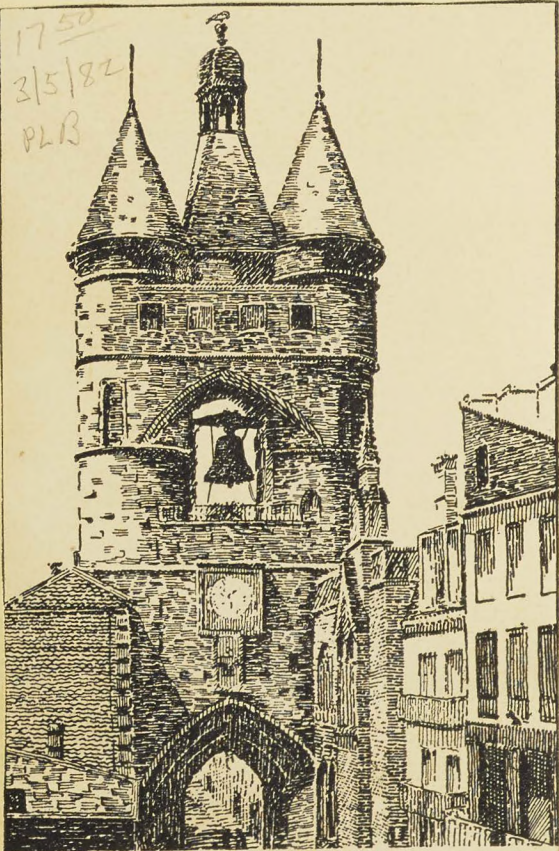


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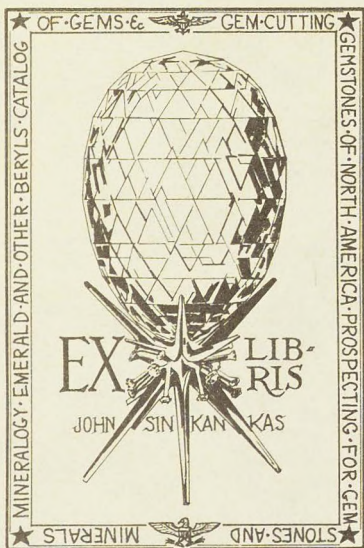
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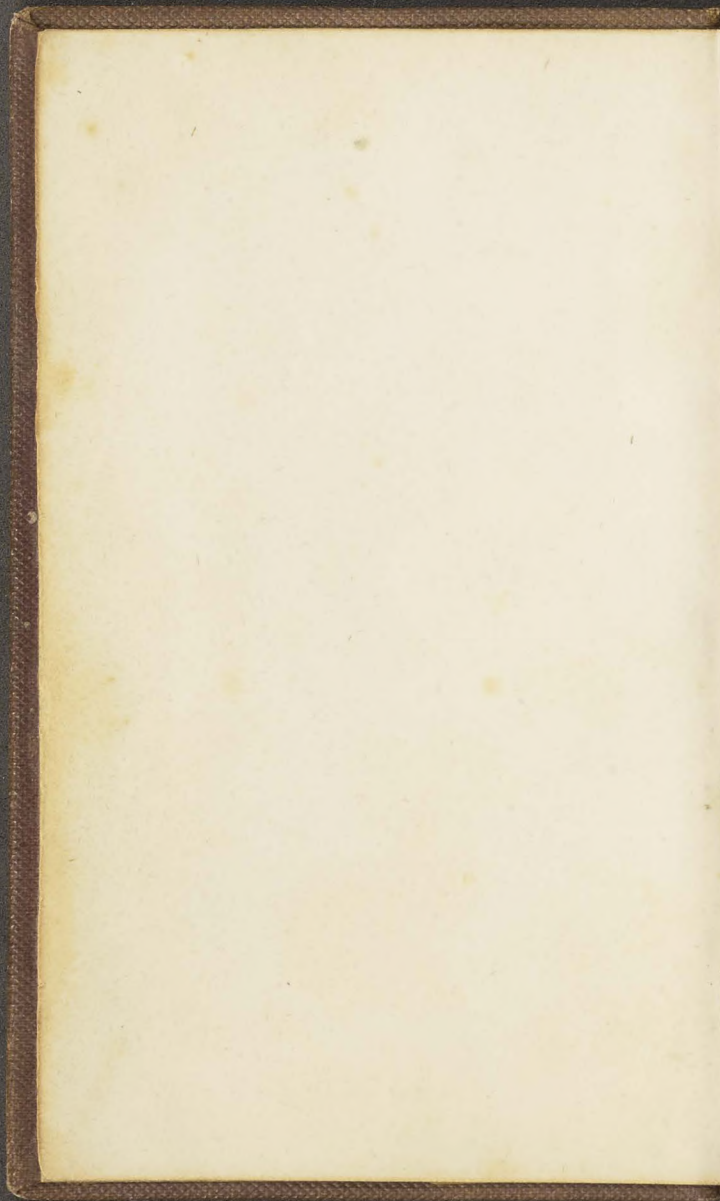
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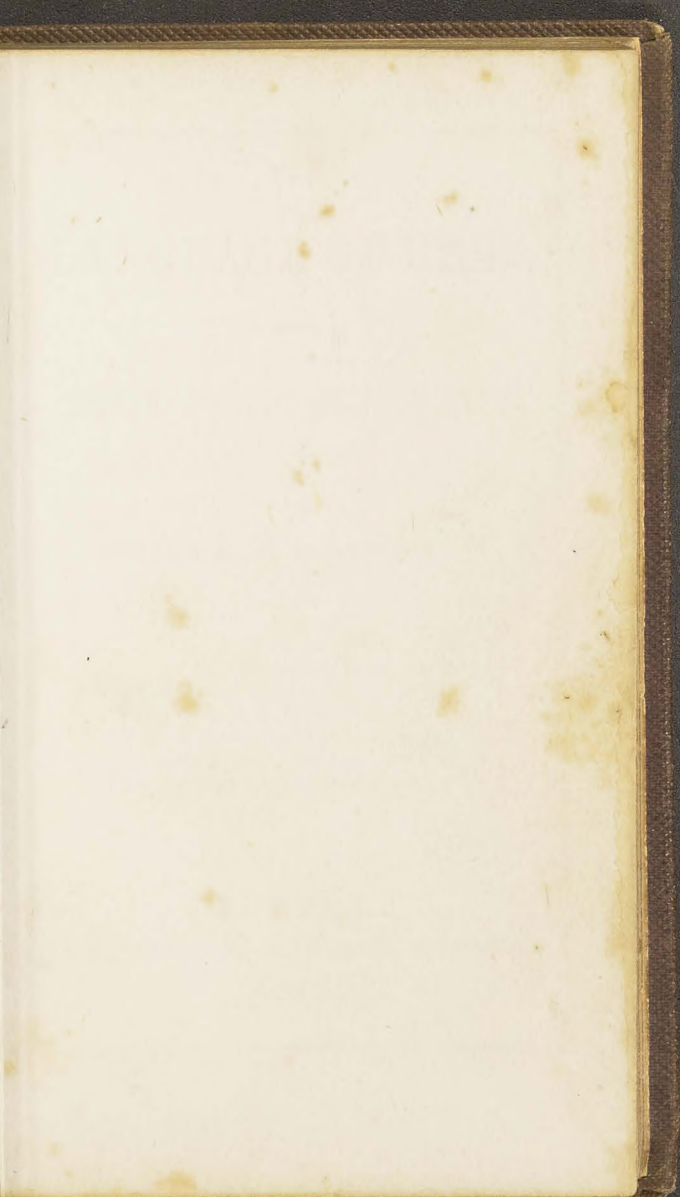


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THE
LANGUAGE OF GEMS

THEIR LOGIC & SYMBOLOGY

MISS M. F. WOODMAN

BOSTON

A. J. JOHNSON AND S. H. MURPHY

1843

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THE
LANGUAGE OF GEMS,
WITH
THEIR POETIC SENTIMENTS.

BY
MISS H. J. WOODMAN.

Whatever God hath made,
A simple stone or flower, a bird or tree,
The pearl upon the breast of ocean laid,
The star which sails along the azure sea,
All, to the humble worshipper, proclaim
The one eternal and sufficient Name!

BOSTON:
A. TOMPKINS AND B. B. MUSSEY.
1845.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1845,
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GEORGE A. CURTIS;
NEW ENGLAND TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY.

P R E F A C E .

IN preparing this little work for the press, we have used the *Encyclopædia Americana* and Dr. L. Feuchtwanger's *Treatise on Gems*, as books of reference. Many stones here introduced, cannot, strictly speaking, be called precious; but they are all used in jewelry, and have some value and beauty. To all have been given a language and poetic sentiment.

The writers who have assisted us by contributing original poems, will, we trust, be recompensed by the commendations of the judicious, among their many admirers. The selections have been made with care, and will, we venture to hope, be considered worthy of the place assigned them.

The formation and localities of gems is an interesting branch of the great science of

Geology, and may be pursued with instruction and pleasure.

A short, but we believe correct, description has been given of each stone here mentioned, and though this little volume can boast no originality of *design*, many of the *poems* have never before appeared ; and the whole, it is hoped, will make an acceptable though small addition to our polite literature.

H. J. W.



DEDICATION.

I BRING thee a casket of jewels fair,
They were culled from the ocean, earth and air :
In your golden tresses they may not shine,
But gather them all for your spirit's shrine :
They are gems from the boundless mine of thought !
With patience and skill into beauty wrought !
I have hallowed them all with a prayer for thee,
Then take them—memorial sweet of me !



A G A T E .

There are different kinds of Agate, as the fortification, the landscape, the ribbon, the moss, the clouded, the zoned, the star, the fragment, the coral, the jasper. It is found in various parts of Europe, and in the East Indies.

Long Life and Health.

THY voice comes o'er my spirit like the rush
Of the sweet waterfall that leaps and plays
In the glad sunshine, when the tranquil hush
Of summer noon is broken by the lays
Of Nature's untaught minstrels. Life and health,
To one so sweetly gifted! Were thy brow
Decked with the jewels which a nation's wealth
Had purchased thee, the vain and weak might bow
To do thee homage; but the *truth* alone
Gives value to Affection's whispered tone.



Long Life and Health.

LONG life to thee! Thy mission here
A high and holy one hath been—
To wipe from sorrow's eye the tear,
And shield the tempted heart from sin!

May health be thine! A feeble frame
Must shrink before thy mighty task.
May He, who feeds thy spirit's flame,
Grant us the prayer we humbly ask.

Long life and health—a selfish prayer!
We prize the light thy spirit gives;
Is not thy presence *needed* where
The tempted, sorrowing spirit lives?



AMAZON STONE. FELSPAR.

Its color is verdigris-green. It is found in Russia, and is much esteemed by lapidaries.

Friendship.

BUT friendship does two souls in one comprise;
Here in a full and constant tide doth flow
 All blessings man can hope to know;
Here in a deep recess of thought we find
Pleasures which entertain, and which exalt the
 mind;
Pleasures which do from well-tried friendship rise,
Which make us happy as they make us wise.

W. DILLON.



Good Wishes.

Be thy name most kindly spoken ;
May thy faith remain unbroken ;
Be thy heart the home of pleasure,
Bright with sunshine without measure ;
Be thy pathway strewn with roses,
Fair as those which June discloses ;
Be thy spirit's eye unshrouded,
And its atmosphere unclouded ;
Be thy peace unbroken ever ;
Be thy home in Heaven forever !



AMBER.

This mineral substance usually presents some shade of yellow in its color, from which it sometimes passes to reddish-brown. Its want of hardness and lustre, together with the ease with which imitations are made of it, have brought it into comparative disuse.

Disdain.

THOU canst have my gems and gold,
All that avarice may covet;
But my heart thou canst not hold,
Since such dross is prized above it!



Song.

PRIZE not thy glittering wealth
All other joys above;
Thy innocence and health
Are worthier far of love.

The richest gems are not
Hidden in rayless mine;
Such jewels in thy lot
Rest on Affection's shrine.

We call them hope and peace,
Faith, charity, and love;
These, when earth's trials cease,
Shall brighter shine above!



AMETHYST.

Amethyst, for the most part nearly transparent, is of every shade of violet. Specimens of various colors are brought from Brazil, but those of the finest colors come from Ceylon, India, and Persia.

—

Peace of Mind.

I ASK not shining gold,
Or greatness, lingering in the court of kings,
But that the Shepherd guard our little fold—
Our harp's unbroken strings.

At eve, when all is still,
Save the soft-sighing wind or evening bird,
How the home voices through my spirit thrill,
Till all its depths are stirred!

No wild, unholy prayer
Lingers upon my lip with blasting power;
My woman's heart, in love's congenial air,
Enjoys each fleeting hour!



Invocation.

PEACE, peace, the quiet of a Christian's breast,
How have I longed for thee !
In what far mountain hast thou made thy nest ?
There let me flee !

From all that jars the spirit's fine strung lyre,
From the fierce passions' strife,
From the unholy wish, the vain desire,
Keep thou my life !

As the pure air we breathe, thou art to heaven,—
Around, within, o'er all ;
Invisible, yet felt like dews of even
When night-shades fall !

Fold thy unwearied pinions o'er my heart,
Pure, gentle child of God !
Be, in the land of love, my better part,
My staff, my rod !



APATITE.

It resembles the Beryl and Emerald, but is distinguishable in color and hardness. The colors are white, blue, green, and red. Its localities are extended all over the world.

—

Faith in Immortality.

GREAT Animator of this dust !
Oh ! breathe in me sublimer trust,
Than that which, grovelling, sinks, to steep
This ending life in endless sleep !

This flesh may crumble, and this bone
In dust on wildest winds be strown,
But at thy call shall wing its way—
Death shall be life, and darkness day.

RICHARD HOWITT.



Hill-side View.

'T WAS a beautiful scene, with its hills of green,
That I saw at the close of day,
With its waters so bright, that like liquid light,
They seemed in the breeze to play !
There the setting sun, ere his march was done,
Poured forth such an amber stream,
That the gorgeous hills and the laughing rills
Were rich for a poet's theme !
And over my head such a dome was spread,
Made up of the threads of light
From the trailing beams of the sun's last gleams,
That it seemed for earth too bright.
It were sweet to know that the soul should go,
From its home on the pleasant earth,—
From a scene like this to the realms of bliss,
Where all that is fair has birth !
To ask for a shroud but a shining cloud,
From the depths of the azure sea,
And an angel guide to the portals wide
That may be unclosed to me !



AQUAMARINE.

This stone is a variety of the Beryl. Its color is a pale, pure, sky-blue.

Misfortune and Hope.

THY morning sun rose brightly, but a cloud
Received its splendor, and the shadow fell
On thy young spirit, which to sorrow bowed,—
Bound by its chilling and mysterious spell.
Then first thy heart its strength and weakness
knew—

What dreams to nurse, what passions to subdue !

Hope, with her pencil dipped in rainbow hues,
Portrays thy noon-tide hour so calmly bright,
That fancy's wing its airy flight renews,
And revels in the fields of azure light,
Which lie unclouded o'er the distant scene,
Fair as a summer's sea, waveless, serene !



H o p e .

WE speak with the lip, and we dream in the soul,
Of some better and fairer day ;
And our days, meanwhile, to that golden goal
Are gliding and sliding away.

Now the world becomes old, now again it is young,
But "*The Better*" is ever the word on the tongue.

At the threshold of life hope leads us in—
Hope plays round the mirthful boy ;
Though the best of its charms may with youth
begin,
Yet for age it reserves its toy.
When we sink at the grave, why, the grave has
scope,
And over the coffin man planteth—Hope !

And it is not a dream of a fancy proud,
With a fool for its dull begetter ;
There 's a voice at the heart that proclaims aloud—
"*Ye were born to possess the better !*"
And that voice of the heart, O ye may believe,
Will never the hope of the soul deceive !

A. M. R.



A V A N T U R I N .

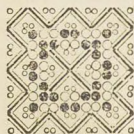
It is a brown, or red Quartz, has a resinous lustre, and is penetrated with gold or brass yellow glistening fissures. It is found in the Uralian mountains, Styria, near Madrid, Nantez, Scotland, &c.

—

Recall.

RETURN, return ; the mild, warm airs are blowing
Around thy northern home ;
Above us, summer skies are richly glowing,—
Why wilt thou roam ?

From the still temple of our spirit straying,
Love folds thee in its wing !
Affection breathes her prayer o'er hope decaying,
And mourns her blighted Spring !



Return.

RETURN ! home voices in thine ear are ringing
Through the still, solemn night ;
Love's softest radiance round thy home is cling-
ing—
Share in its pleasant light !

The meek-eyed violets are gaily strewing
The pleasant paths we tread,
The streams make softer melody while flowing
To the vast ocean's bed.

From countless chalices what clouds are soaring,
To the down-bending skies,
Of perfumed incense, while the heart adoring
Speaks through the glistening eyes !

The birds have wandered from their southern
bowers
To fill our groves with song,
Come, hear the minstrels through the twilight hours
Their sweet farewell prolong !



AXINITE OR THUMERSTONE.

The name of this mineral is derived from the Greek, meaning an axe. Its colors are violet, blue, brown, gray, and yellow. It is found in many parts of Europe.

This stone takes a very high polish, but has not been much used, on account of its scarcity.

The Mystery of Life.

MYSTERIOUS oft it seems to me,
How I a being came to be,
Since through the myriad years gone by,
Suns rose and set, yet lived not I.

The undiscovered, undefined,
In regions of the heart and mind;
Where wing of thought has never soared,
Realms by the poet unexplored.

Revolving these—to ear, heart, eye,
Mysterious seems it man should die,
So like a God, in soul supreme,
Yet evanescent as a dream.

RICHARD HOWITT.



The Mystery of Death.

[From the German.]

Soon with thee will all be over,
Soon the voyage will be begun,
That shall bear thee to discover
Far away a land unknown.

All is mystery before thee,
But in peace, and love, and faith,
And with hope attended, sail'st thou
Off upon the ship of Death.

Undismayed, my noble sailor,
Spread, then, spread thy canvass out ;
Spirit ! on a sea of ether
Soon shalt thou serenely float !

Where the deeps no plummet soundeth,
Fear no hidden breakers there,
And the fanning wing of angels
Shall thy bark right onward bear.

W. H. FURNESS.



BERYL.

The most magnificent Beryl comes from Siberia, Rio de Janeiro, Aberdeenshire, in Scotland, and Limoges, in France. The colors are green, blue, yellow, or greenish-white, all pale shades.

Thou Wilt Not Forget Me.

FAREWELL! I ask no vow of thine,
I feel no foolish fears;
For if thy heart be formed, like mine,
For softness and for tears,
Each whisper of the twilight breeze,
Each murmur of the sea,
Will fill thy heart with thoughts like these—
Will fill it full of me.

MRS. WELBY.



Forget-Me-Not.

WHERE flows the fountain silently,
There blooms a lovely flower,
Blue as the beauty of the sky;
It speaks like kind fidelity,
Through fortune's sun and shower—
"Forget-me-not."

'Tis like thy starry eyes, more bright
Than evening's proudest star;
Like purity's own halo light;
It seems to smile upon thy sight,
And says to thee from far—
Forget-me-not.

HALLECK.



BOHEMIAN DIAMOND.

This is the limpid, colorless Rock Crystal, cut and polished.

Forever Thine.

FOREVER thine—when circling years have spread
Time's snowy blossoms o'er thy snowy brow,
When youth's rich glow, its purple light is fled,
And lilies bloom where roses flourish now.

Forever thine—at evening's dewy hour,
When gentle hearts to tenderest thoughts incline,
When balmiest odors from each closing flower
Are breathing round me—thine, forever thine!

Forever thine—'mid Fashion's heartless throng,
In courtly bowers—at Folly's gilded shrine,
Smiles on my cheek, light words upon my tongue,
My deep heart *still is thine*—forever thine!

ALARIC WATTS.



True Love.

TRUE love knows no decay, but groweth ever
In the fair garden of the sunny earth,
Or, soon transplanted, flourishes forever
In cloudless Paradise, its place of birth!

Such love our souls have felt through passing years,
Knowing no change save in increasing strength :
Its steady light, though often seen through tears,
Will guide us to its heavenly source at length.



BOHEMIAN OR CEYLONESE GARNET.

Its colors are wine-red, nearly orange-yellow, deep-colored. It is found in almost all parts of the world.

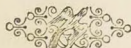
Energy in Adversity.

OH wounded heart! oh suffering soul!
Sit not with folded wing
Where broken dreams and ruined hopes
Their mournful shadows fling!

Outspread thy pinions like the bird,
Take thou the path sublime,
Beyond the flying shafts of fate,
Beyond the wounds of time.

And as the bird's ascending form
Is lost in day's broad light,
So shall thy earthly sorrows fade,
Lost in the infinite.

ANNE C. LYNCH.

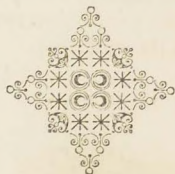


Be Strong.

Be strong to bear life's many ills,
To toil, to struggle, to endure;
The hope that now thy bosom thrills,
Cheers with its light, serene and pure.

But should that light be shaded soon,
And disappointment rear its form,
Fear not! the sun of manhood's noon
Will quick dispel the gathered storm.

The mighty will can conquer fate,
And find a pathway of its own;
And though bereft and desolate,
Rests on its broad, unshaken throne.



BOHEMIAN TOPAZ.

It is of a pale, gold-white, lemon-yellow, or brownish-yellow. It is a variety of the Rock Crystal, and is found in the same localities.

Mysterious Memories.

WHAT are these mysterious memories
That athwart my spirit roll?
Brief visions they seem of a brighter world,
The home of my infant soul!
My home, ere the omnific Mind ordain'd
That my finite life should be,
And a spirit breath from the father-soul
Was shrined in mortality!
By their meteor flash strange thoughts are stirred,
And the burning wish to know—
If angel communings my spirit blest
Ere a pilgrim here below.

ANON.



Mysterious Memories.

INTO our serious thoughts they sometimes glide,
But seek no resting place, and soon depart.
Whence are they ?—borne on what mysterious tide
Through the still chambers of the throbbing heart ?

They wear no shape, but only fragments seem
Of some far-distant world that lies behind,
So closely shrouded that a transient gleam
Alone escapes to wake the restless mind.

Have we, in some more favored world than this,
Sojourned awhile ere called to earthly scenes ?
And are these glimpses memories of the bliss
Which the long struggling spirit sometimes gleans ?



BOTTLESTONE.

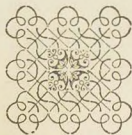
A variety of Tourmaline, of a grass-green, or olive-green color.

Suspicion.

Oh fly ! 't is dire Suspicion's mien ;
And meditating plagues unseen,
The sorceress hither bends ;
Behold her torch in gall imbued,
Behold—her garment drops with blood
Of lovers and of friends.

Fly far ! already in your eyes
I see a pale suffusion rise ;
And soon through every vein,
Soon will her secret venom spread,
And all your heart, and all your head
Imbibe the potent stain.

AKENSIDE.



Suspicion.

CHANGE not thy mild and open glance
For dark Suspicion's eye of gloom.
See how its myrmidons advance,
Like chilling shadows from the tomb.

Where'er its blighting shadows rest,
The flowers lie withered, pale and dead;
Then clasp not to thy sinless breast
The foe of peace, the slave of dread!

Affection's full and gushing tide
Is stayed by cold Suspicion's hand--
Oh, could such guests in Heaven abide
And mingle with the angel band?



CACHELONG.

The name of this stone is of Mongolian origin, meaning a "pretty stone." It is milky white, turning sometimes to yellow or red color. The price of this stone is high, on account of its beauty and scarcity.

I am not Ambitious.

Oh, not for me, oh, not for me,
Prepare the dazzling meed of fame!
Its laurel wreath I fain would see
Twined with another, dearer name!

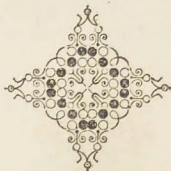
The glory of the noon-tide ray
O'erwhelms my yet untutored sight;
Be mine the twilight shadows gray
That melt so gently into night!



Love Inspires my Ambition.

It is for thee, for thee alone I seek
The paths of glory—to light up thy cheek
With warm approval—in that gentle look
To read my praise, as in an angel's book,
And think all toils rewarded, when from thee
I gain a smile, worth immortality!

T. MOORE.



CAT'S-EYE.

The name of this mineral is derived from the play of light on its surface, by which it resembles the eye of a cat. Its colors are gray, brown, green, red and yellow. It presents a peculiar floating light. It is found never larger than a hazel nut. Its localities are Ceylon, Malabar, Hartz mountains, Bavaria, and this country.

Platonic Love.

FROM her lone path she never turns aside,
Though passionate worshippers before her fall ;
Like some pure planet in her lonely pride,
She seems to soar and beam above them all !
Not that her heart is cold ! emotions new
And fresh as flowers, are with her heart-strings
knit ;
And sweetly mournful pleasures wander through
Her virgin soul, and softly ruffle it.

MRS. A. B. WELBY.



A Sketch.

BENEATH the cares of earth she does not bow,
Though she hath oftentimes drained its bitter cup,
But ever wanders on with heaven-ward brow,
And eyes whose lovely lids are lifted up!
She feels that in lovelier, happier sphere,
Her bosom yet will, bird-like, find its mate,
And all the joys it found so blissful here,
Within that spirit-realm perpetuate.

Yet, sometimes o'er her trembling heart-strings
thrill
Soft sighs, for raptures it hath ne'er enjoyed,—
And then she dreams of love, and strives to fill
With wild and passionate thoughts the craving
void.
And thus she wanders on—half sad, half blest—
Without a mate for the pure, lonely heart,
That, yearning, throbs within her virgin breast,
Never to find its lovely counterpart!

MRS. WELBY.



CAT SAPPHIRE.

Its color is blackish or greenish-blue, often not transparent. It belongs to the family of Sapphires, though less valuable than some of them.

—
Affability.

THOU meet'st me with a kindly welcome ever—
Thy pride subdued by every winning grace !
And in thy gracious presence, fear hath never
Passed with its shadows o'er one sunny face.

I dread no cold repulse, no distant greeting,
No look of calm indifference to chill,
But count the hours which bring the distant meeting,
While hope and memory join to bless thee still.



Real Power.

A QUEEN on her throne of state,
With the sceptre in her hand,
While her guards around her wait,
A brave and trusty band,
Is less a monarch than now *thou* art,
Unless her sceptre control the heart !



CARNELEON ONYX.

Such as have a blood-red base, interchanged with white stripes. The finest come from the United States, Siberia, India, &c.

Distinction lies before Thee.

Lo! on the mountain's brow
One point of gleaming light!
And thither climbest *thou*,
With eye and spirit bright.
Ay, thou at last shalt stand
In all that golden glow,
A sceptre shining in thy hand
To rule the world below.

Oh use that sceptre well!
Not as a spear to smite,
But like a wand of mighty spell
To serve the cause of Right!
If thou win Power, do good!
If Fame, deserve thy meed!
If Wealth, oh, pour it like a flood
O'er all this world of need!

MISS S. C. EDGARTON.



Song.

EXULT, exult, the thrilling lyre
Is vocal with thy praises now !
Fame's finger sweeps the trembling wire,
And with the laurel decks thy brow !

Far up the mountain's giddy height,
Thy feet have toiled through storm and cloud ;
Thine eye hath caught the kindling light
Which gleams athwart the misty shroud !

And undismayed thy feet may tread
The envied summit of renown ;
But know, the humblest seraph's head
Can boast, than thine, a richer crown !



CHLOROPHANE.

A translucent variety of the Fluorspar, found in England, Siberia, and the United States, is of beautiful variegated colors, principally blue, violet, and green. When put on a hot iron in a dark room, it emits a most beautiful emerald-green light.

Silent Expression.

WHY trust to words? Oh! words are naught
When fullest swells the throbbing breast;
A thousand, thousand things there are
That cannot be by words express'd.

One cordial grasp,—one bursting sigh,—
One speaking glance,—one sob half chok'd,
Tell more of these than all the words
Wherein man's thoughts are ever cloak'd.

ANON.



To Anna.

I NEED not words to tell to mine
The secrets of thy soul;
I look into thy sunny face,
And there I read the whole.

Thou art so placid in thy love,
So artless in thy truth,
Thou seem'st the fair embodiment
Of innocence and youth.



CHRYSOLEITE.

A greenish, yellowish, or brownish stone, sometimes transparent. It comes chiefly from the Levant.

Disappointed Love.

HAD she been true,
If Heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

SHAKSPEARE.



Farewell.

FAREWELL! the word is spoken—never more
Shall hope's bright chain be gathered from the dust,
And re-united glitter as before,
Strong and unsullied by corroding rust!

The fragile web-work of our future fate
Shall miss one brilliant thread the past hath known,
And never more shall time's unfolding gate
Reveal the tranquil visions that have flown!

Let them depart—for neither would recall
So much of joy to see it wrecked anew;
Let the dark veil of silence softly fall
On all we would forget, though sadly true.



COMMON CORUNDUM. DIA- MOND SPAR.

It is translucent, and either gray, red, blue, green, brown or whitish in different shadings. It is found in Piedmont, Cananora, Campo Longo, the East Indies and Sweden.

The Mind alone is Valuable.

For 't is the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O no, good lady; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array!

SHAKSPEARE.



Intellect.

THE human mind—that lofty thing !

The palace and the throne,
Where reason sits a sceptred king
And breathes his judgment tone.

Oh ! who with silent step shall trace
The borders of that haunted place,

Nor in his weakness own,
That mystery and marvel bind
That lofty thing—the human mind !

ANON.



CORNALINE.

One variety is called by the French Cornalines de vieille roche. These are of high value. The color is dark-red.

Thou art formed to Guide.

Ay, truly, dearest, thou art formed to guide,
To guide, to shelter, to uphold and bless!
And I can walk with brave heart at thy side,
Safe in thy spirit's strength and tenderness!

Thine eye, so clear, the dim way can discern;
No track in life looks doubtful unto thee;
Oh let me take thy hand, and meekly learn
The way of duty,—sometimes dark to me.

Thy mind is like a torch, that through the gloom
Sheds a clear brightness where our feet should tread;
O blessed lot, from altar to the tomb,
By hand and heart so steadfast to be led!

MISS S. C. EDGARTON.



True Greatness.

THOU art a king without a jewelled crown,
A throne or sceptre, and we own thy sway,
And lay our lesser honors humbly down,
To learn of thee, to rev'rence and obey.
'T is not thy mind alone, profound and vast,
For that might yield us a delusive ray ;
But in thy heart, whatever clouds o'ercast,
Affection's richest fountains leap and play.
This rivets chains which else might irksome prove,
By the strong ligaments of trusting love.



CORNELIAN.

A precious stone, of light-red or flesh color. It was found originally in Sardinia. Many in the British Museum were found in the field of Cannæ in Apuli, where Hannibal defeated the Romans.

Friendship in Sorrow.

TOGETHER 'neath the early morn,
We took our joyous way,
Where clustering blossoms hid the thorn,
And all around was gay ;
And now, when midnight's wildest storms
The troubled sleeper wake,
And Fear calls forth its phantom forms,
Shall I thy side forsake ?

Ah ! no, beneath misfortune's dart,
Thy cheek bedewed with tears,
Thou 'rt dearer to my yearning heart
Than in thy cloudless years.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.



Stanzas.

Oh, let my brow be sad to-night,
I cannot, if I would, be gay ;
I've thrown the specious mask aside
Which played its part so well to-day.

And now, while all things seem to grieve
For life and love and beauty fled,
Forgive me if thy paths I leave,
My own sequestered haunts to tread !

How many a mournful ruin lies
Within my limits of the past !
There too have glowed Italian skies,
To gild with glory to the last !

Thou canst not know how dark or bright
This inner world of mine may be ;
Then let my brow be sad to-night,
Nor deem me cold or stern to thee.



CRYSOBERYL.

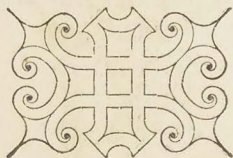
It is found in Brazil, in Terno Minas Novas, Pegu, Ceylon and Siberia, also in Connecticut and New York. Its color is green with a tinge of brown, yellow, gray or white. A Crysoberyl was found in Terno which weighed sixteen pounds.

—

Patience and Sorrow.

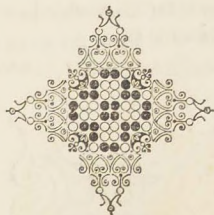
PATIENCE and Sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once ; her smiles and tears
Were like a better day. Those happy smiles
That played on her ripe lip, seemed not to know
What guests were in her eyes ; which parted thence
As pearls from diamonds dropped. In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity most beloved,
If all could so become it.

SHAKSPEARE.



Patience and Sorrow.

Look up! for sorrow cannot always bend
Its broad, black pinions o'er thy doubting breast.
Patience athwart the gathered gloom will send
Her steady eye, and thus resigned, will rest,
Until the dawning of a brighter day
Chases the shadows from her path away.
Patience and sorrow,—when combined ye are
A softly beaming and a guiding star!



DIAMOND.

The colorless diamonds are not the most common. The rarest colors are blue, pink, and dark-brown, but yellow diamonds, when the color is clear, are very beautiful, and much valued. Pale-blue diamonds are also very fine and rare, but deep-blue still more rare.

Pride.

THOU tread'st as if the common earth
Were all too mean a thing
For creature of thy lordly birth
And vast aspiring!

The diamond blazing in thy hair
Thy emblem meet may be!
Thou lack'st a jewel far more rare—
Meek-eyed humility!



The Diamond.

“The largest Diamond hitherto known, is in the possession of the rajah of Mattan, in the island of Borneo, where it was found about eighty years since. It weighs three hundred and sixty-seven carats. It is described as having the shape of an egg, with an indentation near the smaller end.

Many years ago the governor of Batavia tried to purchase it, and offered in exchange one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, two large brigs of war, with their guns and ammunition, and other cannon, with powder and shot.

But the rajah refused to part with a jewel, to which the Malays attach miraculous powers, and which they imagine to be connected with the fate of his family.

By cutting, the Diamond acquires a brilliancy and play of lustre that much augment its price.”



EMERALD.

The oriental Emerald is a variety of the ruby, of a green color, and is an extremely rare gem. The most intensely colored and valuable ones are brought from Peru. The Emerald is one of the softest of the precious stones, and is almost exclusively indebted for its value to its charming color.

Success in Love.

CLOUDS and darkness, flee away !
In my soul is perfect day !
Words are feeble to express
Half my hoarded happiness !
Love hath kindled with its flame
Thoughts that have no earthly name,
But on lightest wing they soar
Earthly griefs and passions o'er !
In my soul is perfect day,
Doubts and fears have passed away !



The Mother's Charge.

PRECIOUS and lovely, I yield her to thee,
Take her, the gem of thy dwelling to be !
She, who was ever my solace and pride,
Flees from my bosom to cling to thy side !

Guard her with care which must never decline,
Make her thy day-star—she long hath been mine !
Lonely henceforth is my desolate lot ;
What is the casket where jewel is not ?

Soothe her in sorrow and brighten her smile ;
Chide her most gently if folly beguile ;
One as unsullied, as trustful of heart,
From the Good Shepherd will never depart !

Now she adores thee as one without spot,
Dreams not of sorrow to darken her lot.
Joyful, yet tearful, I yield her to thee ;
Take her the light of thy dwelling to be !



ESSONITE. CINNAMON STONE.

It is found in sands of rivers, and in the primitive rocks of Ceylon, also in Scotland. Its color is deep-red, hyacinth and orange-yellow.

It is Love invites Thee.

O! 'TIS a voice that comes from heaven,
Borne like a spirit in light along,
Now like the rush of a tempest driven,
Murmuring now in the charm of song.

Hear ye the voice?—then come away
Far from the haunts of ruder men—
Come, where the leaves and fountains play—
You may love and be happy then!

ANON.



I Miss Thee, Dearest.

I miss thee, dearest, through these summer hours,
Though thy sweet memory fills my yearning
heart ;

How shall I be forgiven if life's fair flowers
Lure me from holier treasures to depart ?

Without, the sound of running water blends
With the wild music of the summer bird,
And the soft breeze through clustering branches
sends

The low, sad whisper thou hast often heard.

By the wide-open casement I recline,
Blessing the summer skies, cloudless and blue ;
With these and all things lovely, I entwine
Thoughts of thy spirit, gentle, fond and true.



FIRE OPAL.

This mineral is found in Zimapan, Mexico. It is but little known, but bids fair to find application. Its color is red. A splendid collection of Fire Opals was brought from Guatemala some years ago to this country.

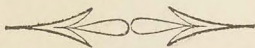
Adversity cannot Crush Thee.

ROUGH winds may howl about thy path,
And darkness round thee lie—
But ever shall thine eye discern
A rainbow in the sky !

For on thy heart thou bear'st a charm
By some good angel given,
To strengthen thee amid life's ills—
'Tis *confidence in Heaven !*

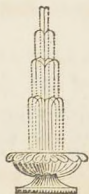
In vain shall adverse fortune strive
To crush thee 'neath her rod !
Thou canst defy the hand of fate
To shake thy trust in God.

MRS. C. A. JERAULD.



Energy.

THOU wert not born to perish like the flower,
Which droops and dies at winter's stern behest;
But, gathering rather, in the stormy hour,
The mantle of thy faith about thy breast,
Thou gazest calmly on the troubled scene,
With eye of tranquil thought and brow serene.



FLUORSPAR.

This stone was well known to the ancients. Its colors purple, red, green, yellow, gray, blue, white, and all the various shades from the violet to the rose-red. Its localities are very numerous.

Lonely Sorrow.

Oh grief, beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate,
In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it loved to live, or fear'd to die;—
Lorn as the hung-up lute, that ne'er hath spoken
Since the sad day its master-chord was broken.

T. MOORE.



A b s e n c e .

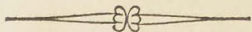
I miss thee each lone hour,
Star of my heart ;
No other voice hath power
Joy to impart.

Darkness is on the hearth,
Naught do I say ;
Books are but little worth—
Thou art away.

Voices the true and kind
Strange are to me ;
I have lost voice and mind
Thinking of thee.

Oh, if one little week
Yieldeth such pain,
Who through long widowed years
Life could sustain ?

MRS. J. H. SCOTT.



FORTIFICATION AGATE.

This is that brownish stone, the various colored stripes of which run in zigzag or irregular angles, representing the ground plan of fortifications.

Constancy.

OH! deem him not inconstant, I know he cannot
change,
Nor ever from its chosen shrine allow his heart to
range;
But loving once he loveth still through every com-
ing hour,
Nor flitteth like a butterfly from opening flower to
flower!



Forget Thee.

FORGET thee! If to dream by night and muse on
thee by day,
If all the homage deep and wild a poet's heart can
pay,
If prayers in absence breathed for thee to Heaven's
protecting power,
If winged thoughts that flit to thee, a thousand in
an hour,
If busy fancy blending thee with all my future lot,
If this thou call'st forgetting, then indeed thou art
forgot!

J. N. MOULTRIE.



GARNET.

Its prevailing color is red of various shades, but it is often brown, and sometimes green, yellow, or black. Its localities are too numerous to be mentioned.

—

Fidelity in every Engage-
ment.

SWERVING from duty never! True thou art
To the best teachings of thy noble heart;
Like the vast rock which rears its giant form,
Breasting the ocean-tide, the wintry storm,
So art thou strong whatever blasts assail,
So doth thy changeless virtue never fail!
Sooner shall solid continents decay,
Than thine unbroken word will pass away!



Virtue.

How safely and sweetly the spirit reposes

Where virtue presides on her durable throne;
The path may be rough or imbedded in roses—

We may tread it in concert or wander alone,
But the indwelling guest soothes the bitterest sor-
row,

And through the dark present illumines the morrow!



HAÜYNE.

The price of this mineral is high, on account of its scarcity. It is found in ejections of Vesuvius, on the Laach Lake in Italy, and in Scotland. Its colors are indigo, sky, and smalt blue, also white, green, gray, and black.

Do not bid me Leave Thee.

No more, my dear, no more these counsels try,
O give my passions leave to run their race.
Let fortune lay on me her worst disgrace ;
Let folk o'ercharged with brain against me cry ;
Let clouds be dim, my face break in mine eye ;
Let me no steps then of lost labor trace ;
Let all the earth with scorn recount my case ;
But do not will me from my love to fly !

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

[Written in the sixteenth century.]



Song.

No, no, fair heretic, it needs must be
But an ill love in me,
And worse for thee;

For were it in my power
To love thee now this hour
More than I did the last;

I would then so fall
I might not love at all;

Love that can flow and can admit increase,
Admits as well an ebb and may grow less.

True love is still the same; the torrid zones
And those more frigid ones
It must not know;

For love grown cold or hot
Is lust or friendship, not
The thing we have,

For that 's a flame would die
Held down or up too high;
Then think I love more than I can express,
And would love more, could I but love thee less!

SIR JOHN LUCKLING.

[A. D. 1600.]



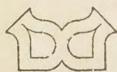
HELIOTROPE. BLOOD STONE.

This stone is much admired, and the price depends upon the color and quantity of red spots contained in the same. It is found in many parts of the world.

—
I Mourn your Absence.

COME to me, come, for long have I sustained
Life's weary toil alone,
And felt, by hope deferred, my spirit pained,
And waited for the tone
Which made thy lightest word a treasured thing;
And now I pine like bird with broken wing!

Come to me, come! Such partings are like death,
And make the heart an urn
For buried hopes, o'er which but memory's breath
Whispers of love's return!
Come to me, come! for thou too art a prey
Unto this wasting of the heart away!



Farewell.

[Addressed to a new-found friend.]

WE met as strangers, lady, not as strangers do we
part;
Long will thy memory remain enshrined within
my heart;
Else would not these unbidden tears beneath mine
eyelids swell,
As, standing on the pebbly shore, I breathe my sad
farewell.

We met as strangers, but that breast must be as
winter cold
Which asks revolving years before love's blossoms
can unfold;
A word, a look, a simple tone, oft wakes the spir-
it's strings,
And calls forth all the melody from sympathy's
pure springs.

Oh, dark indeed would be this world, did we not
sometimes find
That best of all earth's fairy gifts, a gentle, kin-
dred mind;
And though we only meet to part, yet pleasant
thoughts remain,
To cheer our onward path, when time hath strewed
that path with pain.

SELECTED.

HORN STONE.

The price of this stone is very low. It is found in many parts of Europe. It has often several colors in the same specimen.

Thou art Changed.

I KNEW thee first in early youth,
And oh! I loved thee then;
For thou wast a fair tale of truth,
From the Almighty's pen!
And gazing on thy sunny face,
And on thine open brow,
Oh! who the falsehood then might trace,
That marks what thou art now!

It was no earthly love did bring
My spirit to thy shrine;
I bowed as to an angel-thing
That never could be mine!
I mourn no idle passion cross'd,
But oh! I grieve that thou—
All bright and pure as once thou wast—
Should'st be—what thou art now!

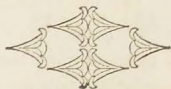
ANON.



Canzonet.

Ay, take thy bride, and gifted one,
And glory in her fame !
And when, paraded in the sun,
Her genius lights thy name,
Forget, amid its dazzling rays,
How dim thine own appears,
Nor think upon the heartfelt praise
Was thine in former years,
When mingling love, and hope and pride,
With her now coldly thrown aside.
Madness ! that one so loved by me,
Should ever so degraded be !

ANON.



HYACINTH.

This stone and Zircon are considered two varieties of the same mineral. Its color is deep red with a touch of brown, and sometimes orange-yellow. It is preferred to the Zircon.

We must Part.

FAREWELL! we have not often met;—

We may not meet again;

But on my heart the seal is set

Love never sets in vain!

Fruitless as constancy may be,

No chance, no change, may turn from thee

One who has loved thee wildly, well,—

But whose first love-vow breathed farewell!

L. E. L.



We shall Meet no More.

WE shall meet no more on the sunny hill,
Where the lonely wild flower-springs and dies;
We shall meet no more by the murmuring rill,
Where the blue cool waters idly rise;
The sunshine and flowers all bright remain
In their lonely beauty as of yore;
But to *me* 't will never be bright again—
We shall meet no more! we shall meet no more!

We shall meet no more in the lighted halls,
Amid happy faces and gay young hearts;
I may listen in vain as each footstep falls,
I may watch in vain as each form departs!
There *are* laughing voices, but thy dear tone
Its cheerful greeting hath ceased to pour;
Thy form from the dancing train is gone—
We shall meet no more! we shall meet no more!

HON. MRS. NORTON.



HYPERSTHENE.

This mineral is rare and has not been fully introduced. It is found in Labrador, Greenland, and in the United States. Its colors are dark-brown, red, greenish or grayish-black. It admits of high polish.

Thou art the Sun of my Life.

THE lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,
And, climbing, shakes his dewy wings;
He takes this window for the east;
And to implore your light, he sings,—
Awake, awake, the morn will never rise,
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are
Who look for day before his mistress wakes.
Awake, awake, break through your veils of lawn!
Then draw your curtains and begin the dawn.

SIR W. DAVENANT.

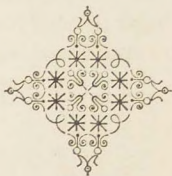


Confiding Love.

WEARIED and vexed with care,
I come to share the sunlight of thy smile;
'Tis like the gentle spring's serenest air,
Calling the flowers from death's funereal pile.

For in my spirit oft
The flowers lie hidden from the world's cold breath,
And thou dost greet them with a voice so soft,
They rise to answer from the bed of death!

Be still my light of life!
Unto no other doth my spirit turn,
Casting away the weapons of its strife,
Oh, give me, dearest, all my love's return!



IDOCRASE.

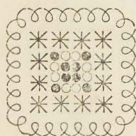
This stone is little known to jewellers. Its colors are yellowish or brownish-green, orange-yellow, sometimes blue and black. It is found in primitive and volcanic rocks.

Justice.

SHE was a virgin of austere regard :
Not as the world esteems her deaf and blind ;
But as the eagle, that hath oft compared
Her eye with Heaven's, so and more brightly
shined

Her laming sight ! for she the same could wind
Into the solid heart, and, with her ears,
The silence of the thought loud speaking hears,
And in one hand a pair of even scales she wears.

GILES FLETCHER.



Justice.

SHE sits serene in majesty ! Her brow
Weareth "immortal amaranth," while beneath,
Unfading youth sits smiling, lovely now
As when first garlanded with beauty's wreath !
God's own vicegerent, oft-times clothed in gloom,
But losing never her celestial bloom !



JADE.

This mineral is called in mineralogical works Nephrite, Hatchet Stone and Panamu. It is of mountain grass or sea-green color. It was originally found in China, Egypt, on the Amazon river, and in the United States.

Unloved but Remembered.

LIKE an enfranchised bird, who wildly springs,
With a keen sparkle in his glancing eye
And a strong effort in his quivering wings,
Up to the blue vault of the happy sky,—
So my enamor'd heart, so long thine own,
At length from Love's imprisonment set free,
Goes forth into the open world alone,
Glad and exulting in its liberty :
But like that helpless bird, (confined so long,
His weary wings have lost all power to soar,)
Who soon forgets to trill his joyous song,
And, feebly fluttering, sinks to earth once more—
So, from its former bonds released in vain,
My heart still feels the weight of that remembered
chain.

HON. MRS. NORTON.

Remembrance.

I REMEMBER, I remember, thy fearless sunny
glance,
Thy step the fleetest in the chase and lightest in
the dance,
Thy laugh that rang like music out upon the
wooded hills,
Thy little hand that loved to pluck the pebbles
from the rills,
The jest so often on thy lip, the dimpling on thy
cheek,
Whose varying color gave a tongue to thoughts
thou could'st not speak.
The curls around thine open brow are clustering
sweetly still,
But oh! how sadly through my heart thy tones of
sorrow thrill;
Thy lip hath lost its sunny smile, thy cheek its
mantling glow,
Thy once elastic step is changed to measure sad
and slow;
Where first the crown of happiness adorned thy
youthful head,
Thy fate hath twined a cypress wreath to linger
there instead.

J A S P E R .

This is of Oriental origin, and is often mentioned in the Bible. Its colors are white, red, yellow, green, blue, brown and black. It is found in Egypt, in almost all parts of Europe, and in the United States.

Pride of Strength.

WE read thy destiny upon thy brow,
And in the flashing of thine eagle eye;
Impatient for life's conflict art thou now,
And flushed with pride, thy heart is beating high.
Oh, many a disappointment must thou bear,
While from thy spirit rises voiceless prayer!

The pity, that thy haughty nature spurns,
Still clings to thee, as with prophetic eye
My spirit from the op'ning future learns
The light and shadow which before thee lie!
With conflict worn, impatient for thy rest
May'st thou not seek in vain the shelt'ring nest!



Pride.

THOU standest like the mountain oak
Before the wintry blast,
Whose giant limbs the storm provoke,
And back its fury cast.

And thus the storms of life with thee
Are borne or backward hurled,
And thou art left unscathed and free,
Fit monarch for a world!



JASPER. EGYPTIAN PEBBLE.

It is found in Baden, Egypt, and other places. Among the pebbles of the river Nile it is frequently discovered. It is of gray, brown, or red color.

Resignation.

THE storm has passed! Before its mighty breath
I strove to stand secure in human pride;
I warred against the chilling hand of death,
As one by one affection's blossoms died.
Then to my spirit from the lowly sod
Came forth a murmur—know the hand of God!

As pliant willow in the weaver's hand,
My spirit bent, unbroken but subdued;
Death seemed an angel from the shrouded land,
With power to quell life's frequent storms endured.
The heart beneath its shadow sunk to rest,
Like an o'erwearied bird within its nest!



The World has Won Thee.

THE world has won thee—go thy way; and drink
of pleasure's cup,
Slowly and sadly I have taught my heart to give
thee up;
Hard was the struggle, but at last, with calmness
I submit,
Though none may know how deep and strong my
soul to thine was knit.
But, go; thy path of life is bright, with thornless
flowers o'erspread,
Step lightly, lest thou crush their bloom, and mourn
their beauty fled.

The world has won thee—'Tis enough for me the
truth to know,
Which most I feared, while trusting all, upon one
doubtful throw.
The chance was run—the sacrifice was but a heart
to thee,
The gain was nothing in thy hands, the loss was
all to me.
Take back thy love, for dangers lurk amidst its
seeming smile,
And I reclaim the heart once more, so idly won
the while.

NEW YORK MIRROR.

JASPER OPAL.

This mineral stands between the Jasper and Opal. The price is low. The colors are gray, yellow, red, and brown. It is found in Hungary, Saxony, and Siberia.

Humility.

CONTENT within my cottage home,
I have no restless wish to roam,
In humble hopes the peace I find
Of a contented, thoughtful mind.

Let others seek the glare of day,
I cannot bear the solar ray ;
The twilight hour, the tranquil shade
Have lured my steps whene'er I strayed.

If of humility I boast,
At once the priceless gem is lost !
Its throne in silence let me raise
And angel harps shall sing its praise !



Sonnet.

BE merciful! My sinful soul hath need
Of thy forgiving power. My sins are great,
And dread Remorse, that sleepless fiend, doth feed
Upon my peace, until in darkest state,
Cast down with fear, I humbly bend to Thee,
Rock of my strength! My pride is in the dust.
Thou wilt receive me—to thy arms I flee,
Meek as a child, and with a childlike trust.
Send thy good angel where my trembling heart
Flutters 'twixt good and ill, that so my feet
May never from the holy way depart
That leads directly to the Mercy Seat!
Teach me, thou "Ancient of Eternal Days,"
An humble prayer, a worthy hymn of praise.

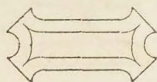


J E T .

The color of Jet is a pure, deep black, sometimes with a tinge of brown. It is found in different parts of Europe, and in the United States, in Hadley, Massachusetts.

Sad Remembrance.

WE laid her in the valley when all around was
bright,
And felt within the stricken heart the deepest
gloom of night.
We twined fresh rose-buds with the curls that lay
like golden thread
Or halo of celestial light around the sinless head ;
The long, soft lashes like a veil just hid the dark
blue eye,
Which ever lent its sweetest light to deck affec-
tion's sky.
But these are sad remembrances—how precious
they can tell,
Who give earth's richest gems to Him " who doeth
all things well."

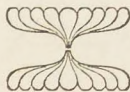


Dirge.

THOUGH dews are nightly on thy pillow shed
From the pure founts on high,
Sleep! and the flowers will bloom above thy head,
And thy meek, dove-like eye
Heed not the beauty all around thee spread!

Who mourns that thou hast early gone to rest—
Thou of the weary heart?
All care is lifted from thy silent breast,
Relieved, redeemed thou art,—
Go with the loved, the loving, and the blest!

Go where no disappointment leaves its blight,
No darkness wraps the soul!
Far from this land of pale, uncertain light,
Range thou without control,
In realms that know no tempest, tears, or night!



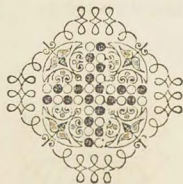
KYANITE.

Its colors are azure-blue passing into light-blue or bluish-white or bluish-green. It is found in many parts of Europe and in the United States. In France and Spain it has for some years past been used in jewelry.

Death preferred to Parting.

If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here I could breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle babe.

SHAKSPEARE.



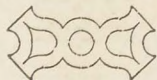
TO —

THY fate may be darkness—I ask but to share
The sting of each sorrow, the cloud of each care;
Thy brow may be sad, but the shade there will be
More dear than the smile of another to me!

They bid me fly from thee, and say that thy love
Is like the false fetters they throw round the dove;
But the chain thou hast linked is more precious to
me
Than liberty, if it divides me from thee!

Howe'er rough thy path, that path I can bear—
A dungeon were brightness if *thou* too wert there:
Like oil to the lamp is thy love to my heart,
'Tis life to be near thee, and death if we part!

ANON.



LABRADOR.

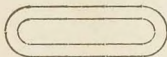
This stone is little known. Its colors are gray, with spots of a vivid play of colors, consisting of blue, red, green, brown, yellow or orange, according to the direction of the light.

Capricious Love.

THE time that is to come is not;
How can it then be mine?
The present moment's all my lot;
And that, as fast as it is got,
Lady, is only thine!

Then talk not of inconstancy,
False hearts, and broken vows;
If I, by miracle, can be
This live-long minute true to thee,
'T is all that Heaven allows.

JOHN WILMOT.



Caprice.

LAUGHING, sighing, frowning, smiling,
Vexing oft and oft beguiling,
Leading us where'er ye will,
Loving, loved, and captive still—
Such art thou, capricious creature,
Mischief lurking in each feature.

Child of fountain, wood and lawn,
Watcher for the early dawn,
Bright and beautiful thou art,
But, alas! thy giddy heart
Fluttereth ever like a bird,
By each sudden impulse stirred!



LAPIS LAZULI, AMAZON STONE.

Its lustre is shining and nearly vitreous. Its color is fine azure blue, with different shades, interspersed with spots or veins of pyrites.

Nature's Nobility.

THOUGH few of such may gem the earth, yet such
rare gems there are,
Each shining in its hallowed sphere as virtue's
polar star;
Though human hearts too oft are found all gross,
corrupt and dark,
Yet, yet, some bosoms breathe and burn, lit by
Promethean spark;
There are some spirits nobly just, unwarped by
pelf or pride,
Great in the calm, but greater still when dashed by
adverse tide,—
They hold the rank no king can give, no station
can disgrace,
Nature puts forth *her* gentleman, and monarchs
must give place.

MISS E. COOK.

Stanzas.

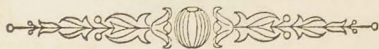
I LOVE the man who well can bear
Misfortune's angry frown ;
I love the heart that spurns despair,
Though all its friends have flown.

I love the soul, so nobly proud,
That misery cannot blight ;
The soul that braves the jeering crowd,
And sternly claims its right.

I love that fortitude refined,
Which sorrow cannot shake ;
I love that noble strength of mind,
No earthly power can break.

I love the man who scorns to bend
Beneath affliction's blast ;
Who trusts in an Almighty Friend,
To soothe his woes at last.

ANON.



L A V A .

The blue Lava of Mount Vesuvius has the appearance of artificial blue enamel, and is much used in jewelry and other ornaments. It is found in all volcanic countries. It has nearly all the colors with all the shades.

Faithful Hearted.

TELL me not of sparkling gems,
Set in regal diadems ;
You may boast your diamonds rare,
Rubies bright, and pearls so fair ;
But there 's a peerless gem on earth,
Of richer ray and purer worth ;
'Tis priceless, but 't is worn by few—
It is, it is the heart that 's true.

MISS E. COOK.



Steadfastness.

THOU hast not beauty's witching dower,
Nor art thou favored child of song;
But in affliction's darkest hour,
When others tremble, thou art strong.

As when of old beside the cross
One gentle being stood alone,
So wouldst thou stand, nor count the loss,
And make the sufferer's pang thine own.



LEPIDOLITE.

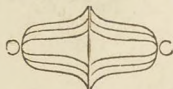
It is found in many parts of the world, but is not much used in jewelry. There are some variegated specimens of the peach-blossom color, which are extremely beautiful.

I live in the Present.

TELL me not of memory's pleasure,
There is pain and sadness in it;
Let the present fill the measure
With the light and gladness in it!

Tell me not of hope alluring,—
Angel fleet that oft deceives us,
Freely future bliss insuring,
While in grief and pain she leaves us.

Let the *present* be our blessing,—
Calmly, trustfully enjoy it;
She will heed not thy caressing,
If thy doubts and fears alloy it!



Rosetta.

CARELESS, thoughtless, laughing child,
Roamer in the wood-path wild;
Busy as the toiling bee,
Though less prudent far than he;
For the future hour hath not
In thy heart one stable spot.

Happy in the summer showers,
Happy when the storm-cloud lowers;
Merry as the singing bird,
Who no tale of woe hath heard,
For the *present hour* with thee
Hath life's all of ecstasy.



MOON STONE.

The color is white, with bluish and greenish shades, semi-transparent and milky. This stone commands a good price. Fine specimens, the size of an ordinary bean, are worth from five to ten dollars.

Pensiveness.

A TWILIGHT o'er her joyous spirit past,
A thought lay in her blue, uplifted eye,
Which o'er its gleam a dewy beauty cast,
Like the soft, trembling haze of summer's sky.

'T was not a thought of gladness, 't was not grief,
Yet light and shade were blended in the look,
As moonbeams glancing by the dark green leaf
Rest with its image in the azure brook.

It was a face such as the angels love,
Beneath whose calm and sweet expression lies
A thought of earthly things, a hope above,
A cheerful yielding to life's mysteries.

MISS E. R. MONROE.



Pensive Beauty.

I 'VE met thee, lady, in the throng
Who bow to Fashion's despot sway ;
I 've watched thee in the dance and song,
When all around were bright and gay,
But never seemed thy ruby lip
Of pleasure's sparkling cup to sip !

The lily of thy rounded cheek
Knows not the softly blushing rose ;
And on thy brow in aspect meek
We read thy longings for repose.
Oh ! who can doubt there early fell
Upon thy heart grief's sadd'ning spell !

How languidly thy lashes droop,
To veil thy mournful, downcast eyes !
How oft, amid a laughing group,
I 've seen the full, clear tear-drops rise,
And tremble but forbear to fall—
My aching heart has felt them all !



MOSS AGATE.

The lines upon this variety of Agate resemble moss, from which its name is derived.

—
Early Death.

How sweetly they slumbered ! no sorrow was
theirs,

No burdensome thoughts, and no wearisome
cares !

They left in the spring-time of being, while
flowers

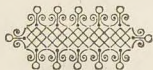
Sprang cheerily up to embellish the hours.

Bright, beautiful beings, we miss you on earth,

We list for the sound of your innocent mirth ;

The angels have led you in silence away—

For us there are shadows—for you there is day !



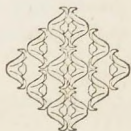
The Dead Maiden.

VEIL tenderly the pale and placid brow,
Round which the flowing hair
Gleams like a sunbeam, moving lightly now
In the soft summer air.

Around her pillow ye have strewn fresh flowers,
And her small pulseless hand
Claspeth white rose-buds, as in childhood's hours,
With her own bright-eyed band.

How the soft lashes rest upon the cheek,
Like shadows on the snow,
Veiling the dark blue orbs which we shall seek
And find not in our woe!

A ray of glory from the spirit land
Dispels the gathered gloom!
Near to her God the spotless soul shall stand,
Forgetful of the tomb!



MOSS OR WOOD OPAL.

It appears in the shape of branches, trunks, and roots of trees. It is found in Hungary and in Transylvania. Its color is mostly brownish. It is susceptible of high polish, and is used for many purposes in jewelry.

I Value thy Approbation.

I do not ask the laurel wreath
To twine around my brow;
For ah! with genius' brilliant gifts,
Come heavy cares, I trow.

With timid joy I bring to thee
My weak and humble lays;
And if thou wilt commend the gift,
I seek no other praise.

I ask but one approving smile,
One blessing on my name,—
'T were dearer to my simple heart
Than all the dreams of fame.

MRS. C. A. GERAULD.



Thou art Candid.

No meaningless word of blame or praise,
To me, hast thou ever spoken;
And therefore I would that my simple lays
Might receive thy friendly token.

From flattery's glance I turn aside,
From words unmeaningly spoken;
With scorn in my heart, and an eye of pride,
But I prize thy friendly token!



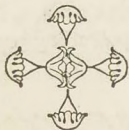
NATROLITE.

This mineral is of late discovery. It has a pearly lustre; colors white, yellowish-white, or reddish-brown. On account of its susceptibility of high polish, it has been used in jewelry.

Female Friendship.

IN all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sister's vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O! and is all forgot?—
And will you rent our ancient love asunder?
It is not friendly, 't is not maidenly;
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

SHAKSPEARE.



To Mary.

I SHALL not thee forget, Mary,
Though years may pass away,
And time its seal may set, Mary,
On all who now are gay !
Should oceans us divide, Mary,
And leave the past a dream,
They cannot be so wide, Mary,
But love can span the stream !
Should clouds hang like a pall, Mary,
And doubts and fears arise,
True love can gild them all, Mary,
With radiance from the skies !
Should mountains like a wall, Mary,
Our homes and paths divide,
They cannot, though so tall, Mary,
Arrest love's flowing tide !
Should death come first to me, Mary,
Amid its darkest hour,
I'll strive to think of thee, Mary,
With love's prevailing power !



OBSIDIAN.

This mineral was familiar to the ancients, and is now used particularly in mourning jewelry. Its colors are either pure black, grayish, brownish or greenish black, yellow, blue or white, but seldom red. It is found on all the volcanoes of ancient and modern times, and in various other parts of the world.

Mutual Amity.

THE planets of each system represent
Kind neighbors; mutual amity prevails;
Sweet interchange of rays, received, returned,
Enlightening and enlightened! All, at once,
Attracting, and attracted! Patriot like,
None sins against the welfare of the whole;
But their reciprocal, unselfish aid,
Affords an emblem of millennial love.
Nothing in nature, much less conscious being,
Was e'er created solely for itself.

YOUNG.



Thy Smile is my Sunlight.

I FOUND a tuft of violets

All wet with morning dew,
But you scarcely would have known them
For their pale and sickly hue.

They bloomed where not a sunbeam
Had ever found its way,
Where ragged rocks closed round them
With shadows dim and gray.

And thus my heart beloved,
Without thy blessed smile,
Would struggle on, without a ray
To cheer life's little while.

Then from those calm eyes ever,
And from those lips of love,
May fall my spirit's sunlight
Like day-beams from above.

MISS E. R. MONROE.



ONYX.

This is a variety of the Agate mostly employed in the cutting of cameos, and is prepared in such a manner that the darker layer is cut for the base and the lighter for the intended objects.

—
Reciprocal Love.

THERE'S a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has
told,

When two, that are linked in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die!
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

T. MOORE.



Eden's Flower.

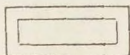
THERE is a name, which on my lips,
Though seldom breath'd, forever dwells,
Like hidden music rocked to sleep
Within the ocean's painted shells.

THERE is a bright, yet pensive eye,
Which ever on my pathway shines,
As day and night, the gentle stars,
Look down and light the darkest mines.

A voice whose tender accents sound
As if it were the soul that spake,—
And of that voice the lightest tone
Does in my heart, wild echoes wake.

And this is *love*—the only one
Of Eden's torn and trampled flowers,
Which, shelter'd by some angel's wing,
Still lives to bless this earth of ours.

ANON.



OPAL.

Color white, yellow, red, brown, green and gray. Precious opal is considered a very valuable gem. Its value depends upon its size, purity, and the vivid color it possesses.

Pure Thoughts.

PURE thoughts are angel visitants! Be such
The frequent inmates of thy guileless breast.
They hallow all things by their sacred touch,
And ope the portals of the land of rest.

By the serene expression of thy face,
The mellow light that fills thine azure eye,
We know such guests thine inner temple grace,
Before whose presence sin and sorrow fly.



Serenade.

WAKE, lady, wake! thy sisters, the flowers,
Mourn thee when absent, and bless thee when near!
Fear not the dew of the bright moonlight hours,
Fear not! the heart that adores thee is here!

Wake, lady, wake! what is beauty without thee,
What, though it floodeth the land and the sea?
Night's guardian angels shall wander about thee,
Blessed, thrice blessed, thy watchers to be!

Wake, lady, wake! The breezes are making
Heart-thrilling music in forest and glen!
All the sweet voices in rapture are waking—
Mingle thine own in the concord again!

Wake, lady, wake! the blue bells are swinging—
Censers of incense from earth to the skies!
Hark, how the ripples, like fairy bells ringing,
Say to thee, wake, lady, wake and arise!



PEARLS.

Obtained from the western side of the Island of Ceylon. They are white, rose-colored and yellow, occasionally of a delicate blue tint, and some are of a golden and silvery hue.

Modest Loveliness.

“Not to the halls of the wealthy and gay,
Lead me not thither, I prithee, love, stay!
See how the blush mantles over my cheek,
At the sweet words thou hast ventured to speak.
What shall I do when the flatterer smiles?
How shall I answer his treacherous wiles?
No, let me be, love, ‘a dweller apart,’
Strong in the love of thy generous heart!”
Wise is thine answer, my beautiful dove,
Sitting content in the circle of love.
Fold, little trembler, thy fluttering wing,
Freely partake of love’s fathomless spring!
So hallowed thy presence, the spirit within
Hath whispered “the angels protect thee from
sin!”



The Pearl.

“The Pearl,” says M. de Noe, “is a malady of the oyster, which requires seven years to develop itself completely. If the shell is not fished at that time, the animal dies, or the pearl is lost. When the season happens to be stormy, the oysters often suffer, and their produce is consequently diminished. Perhaps on those occasions they open and disgorge their pearls. The pearl-oyster is the same size as our own, but oval in shape, and quite flat on one side. The testaceous fish enclosed in the shell has a beard like the muscle.”



P R A S E .

It is found in Saxony, Tyrol, Syria, Hartz, and the island of Elba. It assumes a very good polish, yet loses the same on long exposure to the air. Its color is garlic green. It is used in Mosaic works, in the foliage, and likewise in the mounting of rubies to raise their color.

Self-Love.

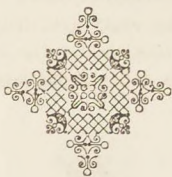
WHILE in my matchless graces wrapt I stand,
And touch each feature with a trembling hand;
Deign, lovely self! with art and nature's pride,
To mix the colors and the pencil guide.
Self is the grand pursuit of half mankind;
How vast a crowd by self, like me, are blind!
By self, the fop in magic colors shown,
Though scorned by every eye, delights his own,
When age and wrinkles seize the conqu'ring maid,
Self, not the glass, reflects the flattering shade.

BLACKLOCK.



Self-Love.

TRUE love of self is no ignoble thing;
It gives a loftier flight to fancy's wing,
Incites to noble deeds and virtuous aims,
And bids us heed the spirit's highest claims.
If from its holy mission turned away,
It leads us far in Folly's dangerous way;
Makes us the sport of arrogance, the prize
Of scorners' jests, the laughter of the wise;—
Unfit for helmsman in the bark of life,
But a brave watcher through the tempest's strife!



RAINBOW AGATE.

The curved stripes in this stone have the property of displaying rainbow colors when held towards the light.

Answer with Candor.

MADAME, withouten many woordes,
Once, I am sure, you will or no:
And if you will, then leave your boordes,
And use your wit and show it so.

For with a beck you shall me call;
And if of aue that burns alwaye
Ye have pitie, or ruth at all,
Answere him faire with yea or nay.
If it be nay, frendes as before,
You shall an other man obtayne,
And I myne own, and yours no more.

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

[About 1530.]



Suspense.

SUSPENSE, dear lady, well I cannot bear,
I love thee truly, and I tell thee so ;
Thou art more cruel ev'n than thou art fair,
And neither keepest nor wilt let me go.

This is not generous, lady. Unto thee
The story of my passionate love I gave
Freely and fondly, but thy thoughts to me
Are shut and sealed as secrets in the grave !

Tell me, thou lovest me or thou dost not,
That I may nurse the flame or quench its light.
To me there is on earth but one bright spot—
'Tis where thou art—shall that spot fade in
night?



RED OR PRECIOUS CORAL.

The Barbarian, or those fished for on the coast of Barbary, are the thickest and purest. Almost every East India lady wears a bracelet or necklace made of coral.

It is now not much used in jewelry, and its price has depreciated.

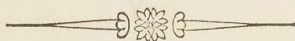
Thy Choicest Jewel is thy Heart.

THERE are gems on thy brow, love! soft orient pearls

Are gleaming like snow-flakes, amid thy rich curls :
They circle thy white arm, and lie on thy breast,
Less fair than the pillow alone where they rest ;
Their lustre is shamed by thy radiant eyes,—
But thy heart, love, thy *heart* is the jewel I prize.
They tell me thy casket hath many a gem,
Which a monarch might place in his proud diadem ;

The diamond's lustre, the ruby's rich glow,
And pearls that may vie with the new-fallen snow ;
But wealth may buy these at the jewelry mart—
The gem which I covet is priceless—*thy heart !*

MRS. C. A. JERAULD.



To a Lady.

I PRIZE thy rich affections more than Afric's golden
sands,

And all the wealth the sea hath borne from India's
teeming lands.

The music that at evening floats across the sum-
mer sea

Is not as sweet as one soft word thy lips have
breathed to me.

I know no witchery like the spell thy smile around
me throws,

And in thy blushing cheek there dwells the rival
of the rose;

But oh! the gem that lies beneath, perfecting every
grace,

Is thy pure heart! the jewel, love, is worthy of its
case!



RIBBAND, OR STRIPED JASPER.

It is found in Siberia, East Indies, Corsica, Tyrol, and Hartz mountains; also the West Indies produce splendid specimens. It has parallel straight or twisted stripes of gray, green, yellow, red or brown colors.

Despair.

DESPAIR, the grave of every earthly hope,
Hath opened to receive thee. It hath wrought
Its fearful task, and thou art left to grope
In pain and darkness with the curse of thought!

Oh! from its black and yawning cavern shrink,
As from the noisome pestilence that flies,
And wastes at noon-day! Pause thou not to drink
The bitter waters that around thee rise!



Prayer in Sorrow.

FATHER, my heart from thee has strayed
And sought an earthly idol here !
Hope's wildest vision round me played,
It left my heart so cold and drear.

Take thou my erring spirit back,
Revive it, Father, by thy smile !
The storms that swept its earthward track,
Dimmed its resplendent light the while.

Thus like a tempest-driven bark,
On ocean's cold and restless wave
I sink and rise ! What visions dark
Hide the safe refuge of the grave !

Thou, whose beloved Son didst tread
The darkest paths of human woe,
Spare us the throb of grief, the dread,
The wasting care we shrink to know.



ROCK CRYSTAL.

The principal localities are the highlands of Tyrol and Switzerland, Madagascar, Dauphiny, Cornwall, Hungary, Scotland, Ceylon and Siberia, also in the United States. It is translucent and transparent; perfect vitreous lustre; is limpid white, brown, black and yellow. It is used for bracelets, rings, seals, &c.

Thou art Childlike in Purity.

—If thou wert sent
To wake unholy wishes in this heart,
Or tempt its truth, thou little know'st the art;
For though thy lips should sweetly counsel wrong,
Those vestal eyes would disavow the wrong;
I would far sooner stop the unchained dove,
When swift returning to its home of love,
And round its snowy wings new fetters twine,
Then turn from virtue one pure wish of thine.

MOORE.



Frail but Fair.

O EVER on my vision floats
A form of witching grace,
And eyes of dovelike tenderness
Are beaming on my face.

I hear the music of a step
Amid our early flowers;
I listen for a birdlike voice,
To cheer these weary hours.

But all too frail an earthly robe
To fold her spirit in,
She early sought a smiling God,
Without one spot of sin.

Be still, my heart ! her early lot
O why should we bewail ?
Her spirit hath an angel robe
Which is no longer frail.

MRS. E. A. BACON.



ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

It is found only in the rock from which it takes its name. It receives a high polish ; is mostly striped, yellowish-white, yellow and brownish.

Firmness.

BE firm !—whatever tempts thy soul
To loiter ere it reach its goal,
Whatever siren voice would draw
Thy heart from duty and its law,
Oh *that* distrust ! Go bravely on,
And, till the victor-crown be won,
Be firm !

Firm when thy conscience is assailed,
Firm when the star of Hope is veiled,
Firm in defying wrong and sin,
Firm in life's conflict, toil and din,
Firm in the path by martyrs trod,—
And oh, in love to man and God
Be firm !

MISS S. C. EDGARTON.



Faith in Discouragements.

Droop not, droop not! the goal is near—

The Heaven thou couldst not compass here!
And though thy way be thorny now,
And disappointment cloud thy brow,
The storms that wreck thy spirit's peace,
All at the gate of Heaven shall cease.

Droop not!

Look up! should Fortune recreant prove,
And blight thy fame and sere thy love,
The jewel of a sinless soul

Shall shine when planets cease to roll!
Be thine that priceless jewel, then,
And Heaven shall claim the scorned of men.

Look up!



ROSE QUARTZ.

It occurs in Sweden, Bavaria, Bohemia and Siberia, and also, of a beautiful dark color, in New Hampshire and Massachusetts. Its color is rose-red.

Remembered in Prayer.

YES, yes, in the holy hour of prayer,
With all that is good and true and fair,
Shall thy name be known !
I breathe it in every morning prayer,
It breaks the hush of the evening air,
The angels repeat it with rapture, where
They circle the starry throne !



Prayer for a Friend.

OH! never may shadows dim thy way,
 Or darken the heaven-descended ray
 Which should herald peace!
 And long be thy pathway clear and bright,—
 May its end be lost in fadeless light,
 Where sorrow shall cease!

Joy, if thy spirit be cloudless still,
 When dews of death shall thy chalice fill,
 And thine eyes are dim!
 The golden harps of the minstrel band
 Shall woo thy soul to the better land,
 With their ceaseless hymn!

Farewell! though we meet no more below,
 In realms where the pure in heart shall go,
 May we both appear!
 And there, where the living fountains play,
 In realms of a bright and cloudless day,
 We shall know no tear!



RUBY.

This ranks as a gem next to the diamond. It is found in the sands of rivers and among alluvial matter in Ceylon. Its color is rose-red.

Courage and Success in Dangerous and Hazardous Enterprise.

HIGH heart, that bendeth not to adverse fate,—
That scorneth danger in its giant forms,—
'Mid mournful ruins most sublimely great,
Thou courtest destiny's severest storms!

A noble ship upon a threat'ning sea,
Furling its sails before the angry blast,
But changing not its course—is type of thee!
Thou boldly movest on when once the storm has
passed!



Sonnet.

THERE is a resolute meaning in thine eye,
A proud compression of thy lip, which show—
Should stern misfortune's keenest arrow fly
And pierce thy heart, it could not lay thee low !
For thou art brave to meet and strong to bear
Trials and sorrows which consign the frail
To dark, conflicting doubts, or blank despair !
We never look to see *thy* courage fail !
We need such strength as thine on which to lean
Amid the trials that obstruct our way.
The mountain summit hath a sky serene,
While far beneath the forked lightnings play ;
And in a clearer atmosphere than ours
Thy soul unfolds its vast and varied powers.



RUBY BALAS.

A variety of spinelle, pale-red, rose-red, with sometimes a tinge in the brownish or violet.

Domestic Happiness.

THE earth hath treasures fair and bright,
Deep buried in her caves,
And ocean hideth many a gem,
With its blue curling waves.
Yet not within her bosom dark,
Or 'neath the dashing foam,
Lies there a treasure equalling
A world of love at home.
The friends whom time hath proved sincere,
'Tis they alone can bring
A sure relief to hearts that droop
'Neath sorrow's heavy wing.
Though care and trouble may be mine,
As down life's path I roam,
I'll heed them not while still I have
A world of love at home.

J. J. REYNOLDS.



Home Affections.

COME, dearest, I have trimmed the lamp,
And by our cottage hearth,
Now let us, for one little hour,
Forget the woes of earth.

How many lines of anxious care
Are written on thy brow!
Who could have dreamed of such a lot
For one so good as thou?

And yet amid these weary toils
Why should thy heart repine,
When there is such a world of love
Within this home of thine?

O blessings on thee for the love
That 's beaming from thine eyes,
I know there 's still an Eden left
To which thy spirit flies.

Then, dearest, when the cold world frowns,
Recall some sunny smiles,
And carry in thy heart the song
That weariness beguiles.

MRS. E. A. BACON.



SAPPHIRE.

This ranks, with the ruby, next to the diamond, and is also found in Ceylon. Its color is blue.

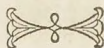
Innocence.

I BRING no gift of passion—I breathe no tone of
love,
But the freshness and the purity of a feeling far
above—

I love to turn to thee, fair girl, as one within
whose heart
Earth hath no stain of vanity, and fickleness no
part.

Save but to *one familiar friend* thy heart its veil
should wear,
The faithless vow be all unheard—the flattery
wasted there,
Heeding the homage of the vain as lightly as some
star
Whose steady radiance changes not, though thou-
sands kneel afar!

ANON.



Mary at the Feet of Christ.

OH! blest beyond all daughters of the earth!

What were the orient's throne to that low seat,
Where thy hushed spirit drew celestial birth?

Mary! meek listener at the Savior's feet!
No feverish cares to that divine retreat

Thy woman's heart of silent worship brought,
But a fresh childhood, heavenly truth to meet,
With love and wonder and submissive thought.

Oh! for the holy quiet of thy breast,
'Midst the world's eager tones and footsteps fly-
ing!

Thou whose calm soul was like a well-spring lying
So deep and still in its transparent rest
That e'en when noon-tide burns upon the hills
Some one bright solemn star all its lone mirror
fills!

MRS. HEMANS.



SARDOIN.

Sardoin is a variety of carnelian, which exhibits, by reflected light, a dull reddish-brown color, but by transmitted light appears of a rich blood-red.

—
Conjugal Felicity.

I BLESS thee for kind looks and words,
Showered on my path like dew,
For all the love in those deep eyes,
A gladness ever new!

For the voice which ne'er to mine replied
But in kindly tones of cheer;
For every spring of happiness
My soul hath tasted here!

MRS. HEMANS.



'Thou Shouldst be with Me.'

THOU shouldst be with me in the summer, dearest,
When the blue sky shines lovingly and bright;
Thou shouldst be with me where the spring is
 clearest,
Far in the woodland's green and dreamy light.

Thou shouldst be with me on the hill-side roving,
Where the wild rill leaps down the broken ledge,
And there each other and the whole world loving,
Anew our hallowed vows to God will pledge.

Yes, dearest, in the summer-time of beauty,
Thou shouldst be with me 'neath the open sky—
Learning from leaf and flower our human duty,
And fitting thus to live and love and die!

MISS S. C. EDGARTON.



SATIN GYPSUM.

This stone bears the greatest resemblance to the Satin Spar, and is much used for the same kind of ornamental purposes. It is abundant all over the world.

First Love.

Oh! love—love well, but only once! for never shall
the dream

Of hopeful youth return again on life's dark rolling
stream;

No love can match the early one which young
affection nursed;

Oh, no—the one you love the best is she you loved
the first.

Once lost—that gladsome vision past—a fairer form
may rise,

And eyes whose lustre mocks the light of starry
southern skies;

But vainly seek you to enshrine the charmer in
your breast,

For still the one you loved the first is she you
loved the best.

HON. MRS. NORTON.

Love.

THERE is a fragrant blossom, that maketh glad the garden of the heart:

Its root lieth deep; it is delicate, yet lasting, as the lilac crocus of autumn.

Loneliness and thought are the dews that water it morn and even;

Memory and absence cherish it, as the balmy breathings of the south:

Its sun is the brightness of affection; and it bloometh in the borders of hope;

Its companions are gentle flowers, and the briar withereth by its side.

I saw it budding in beauty; I felt the magic of its smile;

The violet rejoiced beneath it; the rose stooped and kissed it.

And I thought some cherub had planted there a truant flower of Eden,

I saw and asked not its name; I knew no language was so wealthy.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.



SATIN SPAR.

The colors are snow-white, yellowish-white, or pale-red. The finest specimens are found in England, Hungary and the United States. It takes a fine polish and is much used in jewelry.

I shall not Cease to Love Thee.

KEEP if thou wilt thy maiden peace, still calm and
fancy free,
For God forbid thy gladsome heart should grow less
glad for me!
But while that heart is still unwon, oh, bid not
mine to rove,
Let it move on in humble faith, in uncomplaining
love,
If these preserved through patient years at last
avail me not,
Forget *me* then, but do not think that thou canst
be forgot!

J. N. MOULTRIE.



The Last Farewell.

FAREWELL, I speak no idle word,
I breathe no careless tone,
My voice by thee is only heard,
My prayer 's for thee alone ;
From others I may coldly part,
And smile with heedless glee,
But oh ! 't is with an earnest heart,
I bid farewell to thee.

Time may perhaps about thee fling
A sweeter, gladder spell,
And friends who fondly meet thee, sing
The songs I loved so well ;
But oh ! thou wilt not all forget,
In after scenes of glee,
Those happy hours and dreams, nor yet
My last farewell to thee.

I would not to thy bosom call
One passing thought of grief,
Nor bring before thy spirit all
That 's traced on mem'ry's leaf ;
Enough, if thou amid the throng,
In hours of doubt or glee,
Shalt think of this my parting song—
My last farewell to thee.

O. W. WITHINGTON.

SIBERIAN TOURMALINE. APYRITE.

Is of a carmine or hyacinth-red, purple, and rose-red into the violet. Sometimes, by looking through in one direction, the red color changes to the blue.

Generosity.

THY hand is open as the flowers
Which drink the night's refreshing dew,
And lib'ral as the summer showers,
Which nature's faded charms renew.
There is no mean, contracted thought,
Into thy spirit's texture wrought!

Though wealth's rich stream hath never flowed
Along thy bright but toilsome way,
What was thine own hath been bestowed
As freely as the light of day.
Wealth might have proved a subtle snare
Blotting thy spirit's record fair.



True Liberality.

'T is not alone to give with liberal hand
From wealth's o'erflowing coffers, when the cry
Of hapless want is echoing through the land,
And famine opes its pale and sunken eye;
But oft beside the couch of pain to wait,
And soothe the sufferer's pang, and share his grief,
To shield the orphan in his helpless state,
To yield the wayworn wanderer sweet relief,
These are the richest offerings thou canst pour
To Him whose hand supplied thy golden store.



SPINELLE.

Its color is red, turning in the greatest variety of shadings of blue, brown, and yellow. Lustre, color, and hardness have made the Spinelle a favorite gem. It is found in Ceylon and in various parts of the United States.

Perfect Content.

O MY soul's joy!

If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have wakened death!

If I were now to die,

'T were now to be most happy; for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate!

SHAKSPEARE.



The Prayer of Happiness.

I HAVE enough, oh God! My heart to-night
Runs over with the fulness of content;
And as I look out on the radiant stars,
And from the beauty of the night take in
My priceless portion—yet myself no more
Than in the universe a grain of sand—
I feel his glory who could make a world,
Yet in the lost depths of the wilderness
Leave not a thing imperfect.

Thou, who lookst
Upon my brimming heart this tranquil eve,
Knowest its fulness, as thou dost the dew
Sent to the hidden violet by Thee;
And, as that flower from its unseen abode
Sends its sweet breath up duly to the sky,
Changing its gift to incense—so, oh God!
May the sweet drops that to my humble cup
Find their way from heaven, send back, in prayer,
Fragrance, at thy throne welcome!

N. P. WILLIS.



SUN STONE.

A variety of Adularia, shows a yellow and reddish play of colors.

Freedom of Thought.

THOUGHT should be free as fire or wind;
The pinions of a single mind

Will through all nature fly:

But who can drag up to the poles
Long fettered ranks of leaden souls?
A genius which no chain controls

Roves with delight, or deep or high;
Swift I survey the globe around,
Dive to the centre through the solid ground,
Or travel o'er the sky.

WATTS.



Sonnet.

THERE is no limit to thy wondrous flight,

Far-reaching mind !

Beyond the smile of day, the hush of night,

Thy realm we find ;

And thou dost hover round the lowliest flower

That lifts its petals to the morning hour.

Mysterious essence ! problem most profound !

What point in space

Witnessed thy birth ? What noiseless guards sur-
round

The glorious place ?

Where the far fount whose living water gleams

With light which falls in countless dazzling
streams ?



TOPAZ.

Its color is white, green, yellow, and blue. The shades are generally pale. It is found in almost all parts of the world and is quite abundant.

Fidelity.

COULD all thy noble beauty wane
Till not one lovely trace remain;
Could genius sink in dull decay,
And wisdom cease to lend her ray;
Should all that I have worshipped, change,
E'en this could not my heart estrange;
Thou still wouldst be the first, the first
That taught the love sad tears have nursed.

MRS. EMBURY.



Fidelity.

WHEN other friends are round thee,
And other hearts are thine ;
When other bays have crowned thee,
More fresh and green than mine ;—
Then think how sad and lonely
This wretched heart will be ;
Which, while it beats—beats only,
Beloved one ! for thee !

Yet do not think I doubt thee ;
I know thy truth remains ;
I would not live without thee
For all the world contains.
Thou art the star that guides me
Along life's troubled sea ;—
Whatever fate betides me,
This heart still turns to thee.

G. P. MORRIS.



TURQUOISE.

This stone is in color blue or green, often bright. It is found in Persia, either in pebbles or small veins. Cut and polished, it is used for ornamental purposes.

—

The Most Brilliant Success
and Happiness in Life.

No shadow rests upon the brilliant scene,
That spreads before thee! Disappointment veils
Its sombre visage,—Hope, with brow serene,
Allures thy feet to flower-enamelled vales,
Nor leaves thee there, but paints the distant view
Still lovelier, sparkling with refreshing dew!

Love, the celestial atmosphere, will shroud
Thy gladsome spirit, and the voice of song
Shall be thy chosen utterance, and the cloud
Which doth not to *thine* azure sky belong—
Though fringed with gold—shall, noiseless, melt
away,
Nor dim the noon-tide splendor of thy day!



Fortune Favors Thee.

YES, Lucy, 't was a lucky star
Which glittered in the blue afar,
 In that, thy natal hour;
And angels who thy spirit bore
From the far-off eternal shore,
Sought for their heavenly home, no more,
 But stayed to guard their flower.

And though each day of passing time,
One song of joy still keeps its chime
 In thy all-loving breast.
Of earthly want thou hast not known,
For wealth around thy way is strown,
And friends each day have kinder grown;
 Ay, thou art truly blest.

But wealth alone could not create
The happy smiles that radiate
 From souls like thine, unstained.
Friends who would please, we oft deem rude,
Kind words upon our peace intrude,
I know the secret; thou art *good*.
 Fortune's best prize is gained.

MISS E. R. MUNROE.

TURQUOISE. OCCIDENTAL.

It is either dark-blue, light-blue or bluish-green. It does not admit of so high a polish as the Oriental Turquoise. Its localities are Siberia, Languedoc in France, and some other places.

—

True Riches.

HAST thou loved in the good man's path to tread,
And bent o'er the sufferer's lowly bed?
Hast thou sought on the buoyant wings of prayer,
A peace which the faithless may not share?
Do thy hopes all tend to the spirit-land,
And the love of a bright, unspotted band?
And are these thy treasures? oh, bliss untold,
Thou hast wealth that mocketh all gems and gold!



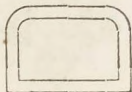
Song.

MOTHER, pray ! thy home is bright
With affection's holy light !
Souls immortal are thy trust,
Shrouded in a veil of dust !

Father, pray ! for gems are thine,
Such as India's royal mine,
Never to a toiling slave,
From its wealth of treasure gave !

Sister, pray ! thy gentle face
Bears of sin and care no trace ;
In thy mildly-beaming eye
Sweet affections gathered lie.

Brother, pray ! the world to thee
Oft may prove a stormy sea ;
Faith thy compass, truth thy guide,
Float securely o'er the tide.



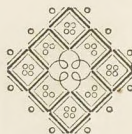
VERMEILLE OR APLOME.

This is a variety of the Garnet, with a deep shade of orange yellow. The value of the Garnet is determined by the degree of perfection as well as color, purity and size.

—
Amiability.

How softly from her silver accents fell
The winning words of wisdom, and we knew
Such thoughts within her spirit's depths to dwell,
As angels nurture with celestial dew !

Nor loveliest 'mid the beautiful and gay,
Though there the cynosure of watchful eyes,
But sweetly moving in life's shaded way,
She shed serenest light on clouded skies !



Canzonet.

THOU art gentle as the fawn,
Lovely as the blush of dawn,
Tranquil as the summer lake,
Ere the winds its ripples wake ;
In thy dark and speaking eyes
What a world of sunshine lies !

Floating on the sea of life,
Shunning all the rocks of strife ;
Safe where other barks are lost—
Never wrecked, though tempest-tost ;
Guarded by an angel band,
Thou shalt find the promised land !



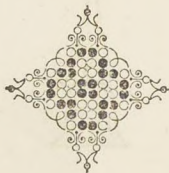
ZIRCON.

This stone is called by jewellers Celylonian Zircon, fire-red, yellowish-green, and gray. It is found in all parts of the world.

Respect.

I ASK, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus!

SHAKSPEARE.



To Lorenzo.

I do respect thee, and I fain would love,
But that thy heart is cold as polar snows ;
Thou dost all common weakness rise above ;
And we do marvel if thy bosom knows
One touch of human weakness—if there flows
Through thee one current of affection's stream—
If so—then thou art other than we deem !



Farewell.

How meltingly the liquid murmur falls
From lips we love, in the sad parting hour;
How sweetly through the spirit's chamber calls
The voice that wakens Hope's reviving flower!

With the bright wreath which busy fancy weaves
To deck the brow it loves, oh! let there shine
The gems of prayer and faith amid the leaves,—
A holy off'ring on affection's shrine!

Farewell! in sweet companionship no more
Our souls within the realm of thought may
roam!

Meet me, thou sister-spirit, on the shore
Where none may seek in vain "a welcome
home!"



INDEX OF GEMS.

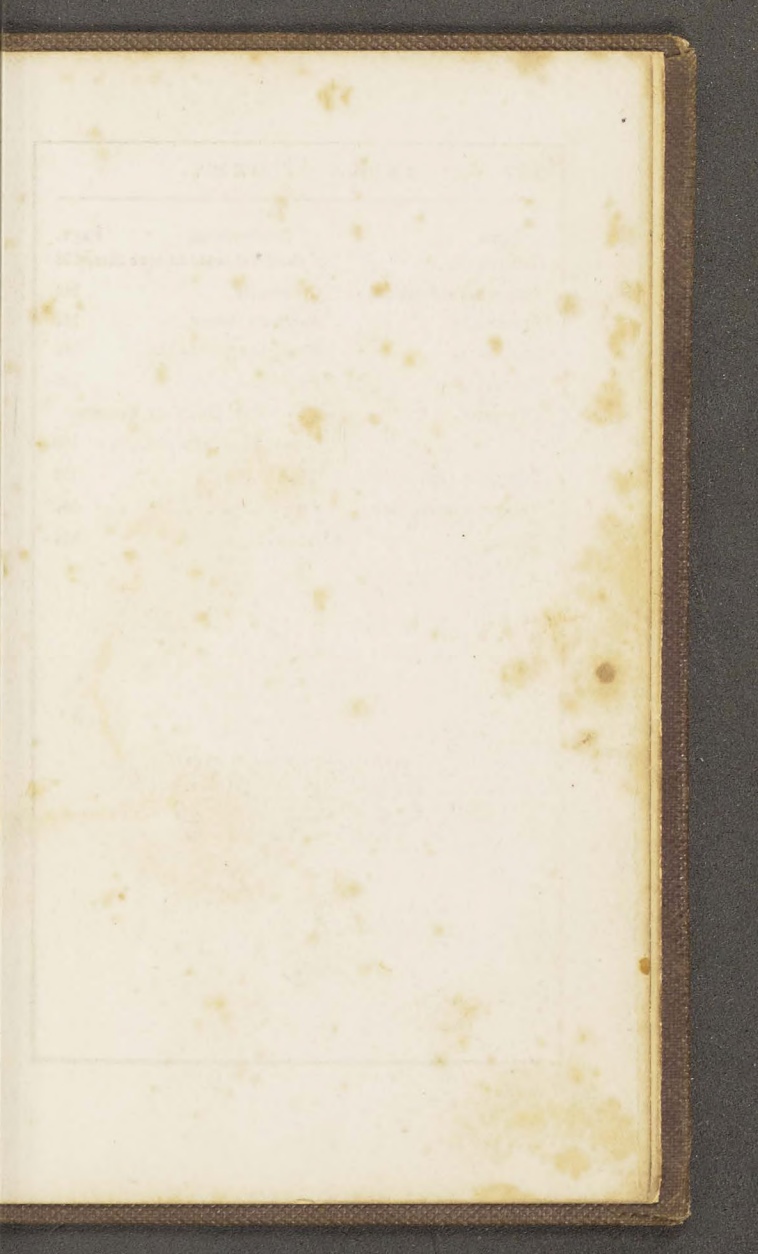
<i>Gems.</i>	<i>Sentiments.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
Agate,	<i>Long Life and Health,</i>	6
Amazon Stone, (Felspar,)	<i>Friendship,</i>	8
Amber,	<i>Disdain,</i>	10
Amethyst,	<i>Peace of Mind,</i>	12
Apatite,	<i>Faith in Immortality,</i>	14
Aquamarine,	<i>Misfortune and Hope,</i>	16
Avanturine,	<i>Recall,</i>	18
Axinite or Thummerstone,	<i>The Mystery of Life,</i>	20
Beryl,	<i>Thou wilt not Forget me,</i>	22
Bohemian Diamond,	<i>Forever Thine,</i>	24
“ or Ceylonese Garnet,	<i>Energy in Adversity,</i>	26
“ Topaz,	<i>Mysterious Memories,</i>	28
Bottlestone,	<i>Suspicion,</i>	30
Cachelong,	<i>I am not Ambitious,</i>	32
Cat's Eye,	<i>Platonic Love,</i>	34
Cat Sapphire,	<i>Affability,</i>	36
Carneleon Onyx,	<i>Distinction lies before thee,</i>	38
Chlorophane,	<i>Silent Expression,</i>	40

<i>Gems.</i>	<i>Sentiments.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
Chrysolite,	<i>Disappointed Love,</i>	42
Common Corundum,	<i>The Mind alone is valuable,</i>	44
Cornaline,	<i>Thou art formed to guide,</i>	46
Cornelian,	<i>Friendship in Sorrow,</i>	48
Crysoberyl,	<i>Patience and Sorrow,</i>	50
Diamond,	<i>Pride,</i>	52
Emerald,	<i>Success in Love,</i>	54
Essonite (Cinnamon Stone)	<i>It is Love invites thee,</i>	56
Fire Opal,	<i>Adversity cannot crush thee,</i>	58
Fluorspar,	<i>Lonely Sorrow,</i>	60
Fortification Agate,	<i>Constancy,</i>	62
Garnet,	<i>Fidelity in every Engagement,</i>	64
Halliyne,	<i>Do not bid me leave thee,</i>	66
Heliotrope Blood Stone,	<i>I mourn your Absence,</i>	68
Horn Stone,	<i>Thou art Changed,</i>	70
Hyacinth,	<i>We must Part,</i>	72
Hypersthene,	<i>Thou art the Sun of my life,</i>	74
Idocrase,	<i>Justice,</i>	76
Jade,	<i>Unloved, but Remembered,</i>	78
Jasper,	<i>Pride of Strength,</i>	80
Jasper Egyptian Pebble,	<i>Resignation,</i>	82
Jasper Opal,	<i>Humility,</i>	84
Jet,	<i>Sad Remembrance,</i>	86
Kyanite,	<i>Death preferred to Parting,</i>	88
Labrador,	<i>Capricious Love,</i>	90

<i>Gems.</i>	<i>Sentiments.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
Lapis Lazuli,	<i>Nature's Nobility,</i>	92
Lava,	<i>Faithful Hearted,</i>	94
Lepidolite,	<i>I live in the present,</i>	96
Moon Stone,	<i>Pensiveness,</i>	98
Moss Agate,	<i>Early Death,</i>	100
Moss or Wood Opal,	<i>I value thy Approbation,</i>	102
Natrolite,	<i>Female Friendship,</i>	104
Obsidian,	<i>Mutual Amity,</i>	106
Onyx,	<i>Reciprocal Love,</i>	108
Opal,	<i>Pure Thoughts,</i>	110
Pearls,	<i>Modest Loveliness,</i>	112
Prase,	<i>Self-Love,</i>	114
Rainbow Agate,	<i>Answer with Candor,</i>	116
Red or Precious Coral,	<i>Thy choicest Jewel is thy heart,</i>	118
Riband or Striped Jasper,	<i>Despair,</i>	120
Rock Crystal,	<i>Thou are childlike in Purity,</i>	122
Rock of Gibraltar,	<i>Firmness,</i>	124
Rose Quartz,	<i>Remembrance in Prayer,</i>	126
Ruby,	<i>Courage and Success in dan- gerous and hazardous en- terprise,</i>	128
Ruby Balas,	<i>Domestic Happiness,</i>	130
Sapphire,	<i>Innocence,</i>	132
Sardoin,	<i>Conjugal Felicity,</i>	134
Satin Gypsum,	<i>First Love,</i>	136

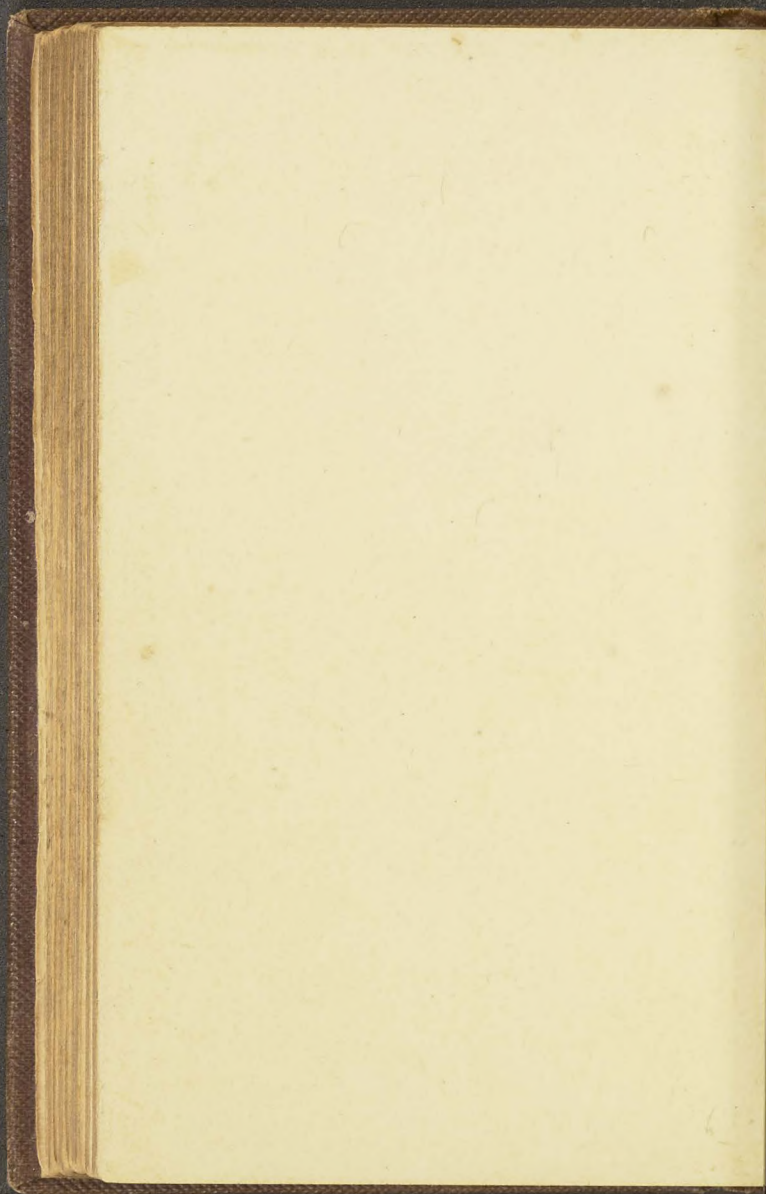
<i>Gems.</i>	<i>Sentiments.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
Satin Spar,	<i>I shall not cease to love thee,</i>	138
Siberian Tourmaline,	<i>Generosity,</i>	140
Spinelle,	<i>Perfect Content,</i>	142
Sun Stone,	<i>Freedom of Thought,</i>	144
Topaz,	<i>Fidelity,</i>	146
Turquoise,	<i>The most Brilliant Success and Happiness in Life,</i>	148
Turquoise Occidental,	<i>True Riches,</i>	150
Vermeille or Aplome,	<i>Amiability,</i>	152
Zircon,	<i>Respect,</i>	154











3

